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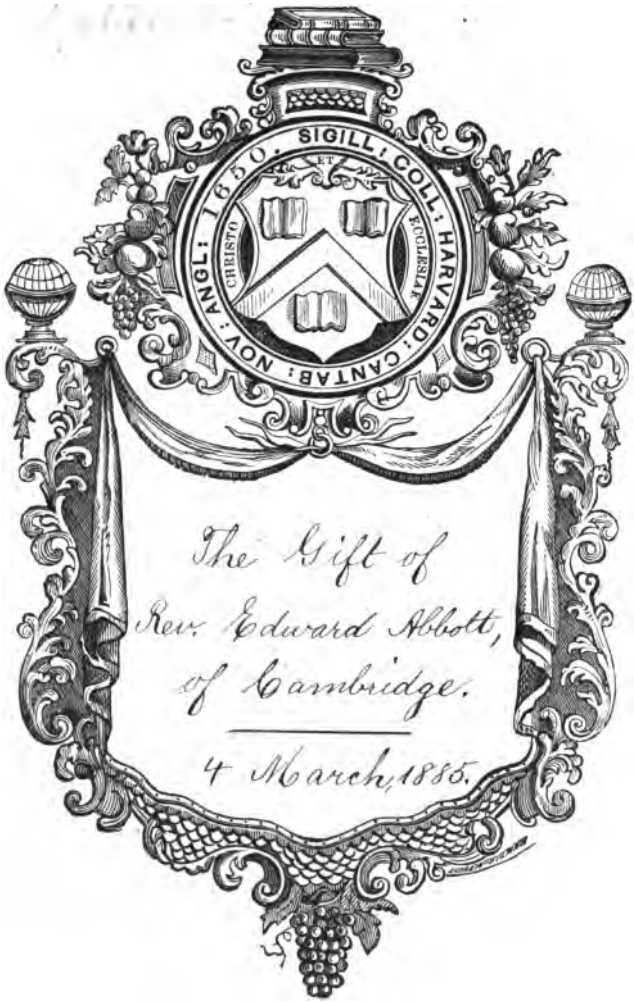

The Gift of
Rev. Edward Abbott,
of Cambridge.

4 March, 1885.

MAPLE UNDERWOOD;

RUDELY CUT

BY

A YOUTHFUL BEAVER.

A COLLECTION OF INFANT VERSE.

BY

JAMES A. McGOWAN.

Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY.
1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

A BABE must lisp before it talks;
And likewise creep before it walks:
And when it first aspiring stands,
Its parent leads it by the hands,
And smiles approving in its face,
Although its steps are void of grace.
Upon these infant steps of verse,
Pray, do not Nature's law inverse.
A laughing babe will frowns remove;
An infant's words do oft reprove;
Reader! peruse with parent's ken,
The effusions of this puerile pen.

JAS. A. McGOWAN.

BLYTH, July, 1884.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Alone	9
Shaking of Hands	10
A Summer Morn	11
Unassuming	12
Light and shade	13
Hope	14
Waiting	15
Lost	17
Supernal Solitude	18
Cleavage	19
Under Mask	20
Ruth (Sonnet)	21
A Rural Reverie	22
Sleep (Sonnet)	23
To a Nameless Stream	24
The Heart's Best Impulse	25
Guard Beauty's Fountain	26
Frosty Frolic	27
Longfellow (Sonnet)	27
Robbie Burns	28
To R. S.	28
Mourning and Weeping	30
Death	30
Winter Life (Sonnet)	31
The Nativity	32
The Sabbath	33
Growing Old	36
Life	37
Earthly Fetters	38
Lines on the Death of a Little Girl	39
Hymn	40
Sunset	45
Ina; or, a Maiden's Artifice	46
A Farmer's Artifice	47
Life's Seesaw	48
Before Quebec (1759)	51
Fearless	51

PAGE.

Winter's reign (Sonnet) - - - - - 52
Sunshine (Sonnet) - - - - - - 53
Anger - - - - - - - - 54
Closing Autumn - - - - - - - 54
Discontent - - - - - - - - 55
After Sunset - - - - - - - 55
Funeral Procession - - - - - - 56
To ——— - - - - - - - 57
Lines To An Infant - - - - - - 57
To ——— - - - - - - - 58
Paradise Below - - - - - - - 59
Enmity - - - - - - - - 60
Finale - - - - - - - - 61

MAPLE UNDERWOOD.

ALONE.

SEATED upon a mossy mound;
Silence reigns over all profound;
I lift my eyes and gaze around;
Where'er I gaze no form I see,
Of kindred-souled humanity;
I shout, no answer comes to me;
I am alone.

I view the works of Nature vast,
Which stand the rage of wintry blast,
In grandeur round me fitly cast.
How from the tiny seed they grew,
Nourished by genial drops of dew,
Upward their course they did pursue,
I meditate. Am not alone.

I pass into a friendly dome;
Take liberty to widely roam,
As if 'twere my parental home.
No sound of footsteps do I hear;
No merry laughter strikes the ear;
I search, no person doth appear;
I am alone.

I lift some books as they were mine.
And on a sofa I recline,
With pleasure read line after line;
I hold sweet converse with each page,
I talk with a departed sage,
And live as in a by-gone age,
Here I am *not* alone.

Amid the city's throng I stand,
With young and old on every hand,
Each passing countenance I've scanned,
But all are new, not one I know,
I wander idly to and fro,
In loneliness demure, ergo,
Alone, yet not alone.

"SHAKING OF HANDS."

THERE'S a shaking of hands that is distant and cold,
Where the palms scarcely touch and the fingers ne'er fold;
Where the eyes do not meet and the heart bears no strain;
Such shaking of hands is formal and vain.

There's a shaking of hands called the pump-handle shake;
Where you jerk and you pull till your arms almost break,
The heart is excited, but with low hidden moans;
Such shaking of hands is a shaking of bones.

There's a shaking of hands, a free friendly grasp,
Where the palms are close pressed and the fingers enclasp,
Where the eyes meekly meet, truthful smiles light the face;
Such shaking of hands is a Christian grace.

There's a shaking of hands where the lips sweetly press,
And the eyes speak in love language cannot express,
Where the heart thus enamoured its feeling imparts;
Such shaking of hands is a shaking of hearts.

True shaking of hands implies more than the name;
The heart's fire is shaken and heightened love's flame,
Which from beauty's window in radiance doth shine;
Thus in shaking of hands there is something divine.

A SUMMER MORN.

THY voice—a freshning tone—
Breaks soft and charming on the ear of morn;
When darkness from the dreary earth has flown,
And a new day is born.

Florid the morning sky;
Fair and effulgent the first face of day;
How gorgeous doth the verdant landscape lie
In thine enchanting ray.

This smile of infant day
Doth from the face of earth all gloom displace;
And her fair children are allured away
From slumb'ring night's embrace.

Fresh is the breath of morn
While diamond drops hang on the opening bloom;
And on the gentle breeze is lightly borne
The day's most sweet perfume.

Slowly ascends the sun,
And slowly yields the dew-drops to his sway;
The longer they his regnant power do shine,
More beautiful the day.

Thus in the morn of life
Joys in profusion hang upon the soul;
Anon the veil that hides the noon-day strife
Is lifted from life's goal.

Lengthen this power of worth
That shed's into life's afternoon its love;
The veil that clothes our earlier years in mirth
Do not too soon remove.

UNASSUMING.

THE little stream that gently glides
Before the farm-house door,
Doth yield a silent influence
On the surrounding shore;
Without a name, unknown to fame,
Yet priceless is its store.

Unlike a watch you needs must wind,
Or 'twill refuse to go,
When once they are in motion set,
Continuous is their flow;
A generous giver, the silent river,
Which wealth untold bestow.

Let one Niagara suffice
To show the Almighty's power,
But quiet flowing rivulets
To man are richer dower;
Bearing their worth throughout the earth,
A genial ceaseless shower.

Thousands doth every clime require
Of peaceful flowing rills,

That garden plot and meadow land
With smiling beauty fills;
Turning the wheel to grind the meal,
Within the busy mills.

So do the lives of simple men,
Who day by day pursue
The virtuous course which quiet glides,
With humble aim in view;
Thus nobly strive and make to thrive,
The seed which feeble grew.

It is not from the flaming stake
Much good is to be done,
It is not by the martyr's deeds
That souls are to be won;
But by the grace shed in the race,
By lives in silence run.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

How beautiful this bright and glorious sphere,
Where we inhale earth's fresh life-giving air;
And quaff her sparkling waters pure and clear,
And from her bosom nutriment prepare.

Over each life doth light and shadow steal,
Storm clouds arise enwrapping us in gloom,
Heaven's bright sun One power can but conceal,
Life's light is hidden only by the tomb.

Behind life's clouds, the light of love doth shine,
Printing its edge with a bright golden glare,
When they evanish, flit by power divine,
Our sky appears more beautiful and fair.

Why call this smiling land a vale of tears,
With love implanted in the inmost soul,
Which power is capable to banish fears,
O'er viler passions to command control.

Love thine own life—the gladness of the heart—
Perform thy duty with a noble hand,
Bid sorrows from thy bosom e'er depart,
That Heaven's cheerful light thy soul expand.

HOPE.

GLOOMY and dark the night,
I fain would seek repose;
My weary eyelids close,
And life's rough journeys slight.
For rugged ways consume
With haste ten-fold,
Life's limited supply,
When shines no light
To guide life's steps aright,
O'er obstaclcs that lie
On life's path manifold.

Is there no meteor light,
Nothing to cheer the sight?
Was't not the moon arose,
Why quenched his argent light
Closed but by fleeting cloud,
Cheer up my soul!
'Tis not a burial shroud,
Bright shone her face,
She is not dead,
The veil is o'er her grace
But transitory spread,
I yet shall reach the goal
Though weary now my tread.

Depart thou fiend—Despair,
For through the gloom
I see a feeble glare
Which shall my path illume,
Slowly it peereth forth
Like birdling from its shell,
And soareth o'er the earth,
Dread darkness to dispel.

WAITING.

THE tear-dimmed eye of the careworn,
Peers through the window of life
Into the deepening darkness,
With seeming sorrows rife.

Why stand thou thus at the window,
While the night air bloweth chill,
And stealeth under the casement,
And over the window sill.

Why peer into the darkness,
Where thou canst naught discern,
As if thy anxious longing
Could make the light return.

Go sit thee by the fireside,
And if it burneth low,
Add fuel to the embers,
That it may brighter glow.

Drink of the warmth it giveth,
And gaze upon its light,
That it may infuse thee with vigour,
And dispel the gloom of night.

And when thou art tired of dreaming,
Choose a volume from the shelf,
And in thoughtful meditation,
Read, and improve thyself.

And when thy mind is feasted
And heavy grow thy eyes,
Repair unto thy chamber,
Sleep till the sun doth rise.

For why shouldst thou stand there waiting,
Leaving other things undone,
And wholly unfit for thy duty
At the rising of the sun.

LOST.

MARK the setting of the sun,
View his waning light:
Now another day is done,
Now another cycle run,
Count thy actions, one by one,
Woe to thee if there is none
Worthy of thy might!

Leave the page an idle space,
Canst thou none recall:
Retrograde its silent face,
Stamp of a remiss disgrace,
As it bears no line nor trace,
Thou canst ne'er its words erase;
Death's sad funeral pall.

For that day is dead to thee
  Void of life or light;
Banish its impurity,
Veil it in obscurity,
Not so Heaven's decree,
In the great Eternity
  It will meet thy sight.

Though to sin thou art a slave,
  Thou art not undone:
Though this stigma doth deprave,
Thine in Freedom's fount to lave,
For the dead when in their grave,
Often are a power to save;
  Mark the rising sun.

SUPERNAL SOLITUDE.

THE leaves of summer in their youthful pride
Do clap their hands in very joyousness,
Extending invitations thus around,
Unto a travelling troop of floating song,
Free choristers, upon the rustic stage,
Bedecked with Nature in true loveliness;
Its canopy, the dome cerulean;
Its terrene floor spread with a carpeting
Of verdant moss inlaid with quiet fern
And graceful maiden hair, relieved by the
Sweet flowerets georgeously arrayed in all
The pristine pride of woodland loveliness;
From such a pillared throne the feathered choir,
Carol their sweetest lays to all beneath.
Their song is ended and an unseen hand
Lets fall the lowering shade of eve, Nature's
Timed curtain, and on airy wing departs
This buoyant covey from their burden freed,

To seek repose and their sweet pipes retune,
A mission theirs of love. To him who lists
There floats a soothing balm into his soul,
And the delicious sweetness doth enwrap
In folds oblivious his suspended care.
Nature accosts him now in luring tones,
While she beholds this transitory beam
Upon his brow. He looks above him and
Beholds the throne of melody, the seat
Of happiness free from all base alloy,
Which thrilled his soul with her ecstatic lay.
He looks beneath him at the placid rill,
Meandering through the lily tufted domes,
Pouring its draught essential to the soil,
Which doth the boon repay by its glad smiles,
Cheering the waters as they course along,
This their sole recompense, complaning not
But smiling as they flow, discoursing day
And night in laughing tones ne'er somnolent,
Untroubled, unrequited and unfamed.
He looks around him at the giant trees
With coppice interspersed and various grades
Between, and seedlings shooting from the soil
Beneath the mighty form which gave them birth,
And spreads her golden dust upon the earth
To thrill with life her rising progeny.
Though broad the expanse of woodland towering high,
Its bonds cannot confine aspiring thought,
From seen to unseen save in pictured dream,
From works, unto the Author of those works,
To lands Elysian doth he turn his gaze;
Recounting changes he must undergo
Ere he can enter the empyrean realm
Of happiness the eternal blest abode.
While thus he meditates, he sits him down
Upon a dead tree trunk, while rests his feet
Upon a mouldering mass, his back against

A tree with life invigorate, though fret
With death, as what beneath him proves,
And now
He nature's teaching doth apply, and this
The strain of his soliloquy. I am
This living tree, but by the hand of Time
And gust of death shall I be felled, and shall
Lie prostrate wheresoe'er I chance to be,
And moulder into dust from which I sprung,
Bearing no semblance of my former self
Like to the heap reposing at my feet.
Nor can I death escape, earth claims her own,
Nor will she be defrauded of her dues.
Unlike in this, that by a hand Divine
A seed of everlasting has been sown,
And like the earth He shall His own recall,
Unless the briar and thorn has choked its growth.
Thou precious seed of an eternal bloom
Who will not guard and watch with tenderest care
Thy certain growth, must be already dead,
Dead unto all that maketh life of life.

CLEAVAGE.

A TINY seed now floats upon the air ;
From yonder parent tree 'twas useless flung,
Though not in scorn, but that it might repair
Unto its home the mountain crags among,
From such itself in former years had sprung,
Spreading of late its seedlings far and wide
Which it to full maturity had brung,
Beholding where the rocks had homes supplied,
Awaiting to receive the seedling as its bride.

Within a crevice of a giant stone
The guiding breeze knew her appointed rest;
Though far removed, yet she is not alone,
For now she sleepeth on her bridegroom's breast:
Soon he awakes her, and doth her invest
With power to sink her rootlets in scant sod,
And rise exultant making manifest
The hand omnipotent of Nature's God,
Who sheds his waking light and genial showers abroad.

Down in the tiny crevice it doth send
Its tender roots which yearly doth expand,
A hair-breadth at a time, and thus distend
The towering mass that did for ages stand,
Unthinking that this germ like grain of sand
Should thus lay open tons of mighty rock,
Widening each year the breach at its command,
Until a factor huge it did unlock,
And dash on lowest crags with mimic earthquakes' shock.

Do not despise the trivial things of life,
For oft are they a power of wondrous might;
Severed are adamantine bands of strife
By seeds of love, nurtured by Heaven's light,
Speedy in growth and sanguine in its right,
Where is the heart that has not felt its power,
And found it vain thy potency to slight,
Though trivial deemed, yet Heaven's richest dower
O'er which he sheds profuse his best benignant shower.

UNDER MASK.

THE lowering cloud that hides the sun
And overcasts the azure sky,
That cloud is charged with liquid drops,
Reviving earth with its supply.

Thus trials and afflictions oft,
  Are blessings under mask concealed,
Could mortal man the veil uplift,
  And drink his future life revealed.

They may life's course forever turn,
  May guide us where we else would shun;
And though the cross seems hard to bear,
  Yet calmly say, "Thy will be done."

For He who formed this glorious earth,
  And holds it to obey His law;
Can He not sanctify our grief,
  And from our trials blessings draw.

SONNET.

RUTH.

Over the golden grain the sun of morn
Shedding his warming rays, the dews displace,
So that the reapers may the sheaves embrace,
When from the stalks by the sharp sickles shorn,
And to the ground in proud submission borne.
A voice is lifted thus, "May I go to that place,
And follow him in whose sight find I grace,
From mid the sheaves to glean the scattered corn."
Naomi unto Ruth said, "Yea forsooth,"
And though no cloud was in the sky to guide;
The God who led the Israelites unseen,
Unto the field of Boaz, led He Ruth,
Where by his kindness she was well supplied,
And from the daughters of the land he Ruth did glean.

A RURAL REVERIE.

In each and every season, much alone,
Through Nature's home I've strayed;
Musing upon the wood's low monotone,
Or sylvan scenes surveyed.

The voices of the woods are wondrous sweet,
Whisp'ring of love untold;
The laughing streamlet purling at my feet,
Each day new thoughts unfold.

On mossy knolls so delicately deckt,
With many a woodland smile,
Oft I reclined in silence to reflect,
And the slow hour beguile.

From such a knoll, my eye I turned to gaze
Upon the winding stream,
Whose rippling waters bathed in golden rays,
Did with refulgence gleam.

I viewed its glassy surface lying at rest,
With sunlight glinting o'er,
And now beheld beneath its crystal crest
The slimy, sedgy floor.

There spanned this stream a causeway rough and rude,
By Time and Nature fraught,
O'er which I wandered in this pensive mood,
Enwrapped in varied thought.

Huge trunks of trees long since the forest pride,
Lying prostrate, useful found;
They for long years the potent blast defied,
Age bore them to the ground,

Thus must frail man, when senile years reflect,
His wonted place forego;
Yet still can he his faltering steps direct,
And gifts on man bestow.

The heart of man that is of woman born,
This stream doth typify,
When of its outward glitter blandly shorn,
Its depth shews darker dye.

When wind of Pleasure flaps its golden wings,
And stirs the secret soul;
The gleam, that love over its surface flings,
From out the eye doth roll.

But when the wind of Pleasure stays her flight;
Or seeks another clime;
Deep in the heart bathed in its natural light,
Is seen the noxious slime.

And o'er each heart is strung a bridge of sighs,
As Time his course doth roll;
But when the freshet of Life's Spring doth rise,
'Tis borne beyond the soul.

SLEEP.

Upon my weary couch I lie me down,
The toil and turmoil of the day to drown:
The blinds are drawn and closed my chamber door:
A few soft silver beams flit o'er the floor,
Clasping my eyelids with their silver hasp,
The outer world excluding by their grasp;
Wrapt in oblivion blank the darksome Past;
The Present in disguise is fleeting fast;

Forth comes the Future riding on the breeze;
When, from the East, Sol's melting rays increase,
As bands of ice diffuse each silver clasp.
Severed in twain as with an iron rasp:
Oblivion's folds thrown open, and anew
Alternate light and shade till death pursue.

TO A NAMELESS STREAM.

WHENCE comest thou, and whither going,
Or wanderest thou along unknowing,
Gathering strength as onward flowing?
Nearing the river,
Thy fountain head its waters throwing
Continuous ever.

From fountain onward persevering,
Though loft hills ahead appearing,
Standing not idly, looking, fearing,
Where you can't climb;
But round their base triumphant veering
In moment's time.

Thou hast between these banks been straying,
And kindest Nature's law obeying,
And thirst of beast and plant allaying,
Unnumbered years;
But not a vestige of decaying
As yet appears.

Although thou art thy duty doing,
And thy appointed course pursuing,
A cold unfeeling world is viewing
Thy generous worth;
Nameless thou rollest on renewing
The life of earth.

Thy lowly waters forward reaching,
Are unto me a lesson teaching,
Impressive more than learned preaching,
Our high behest;
As in thy ceaseless flow beseeching
Duty, no rest.

A pattern is thy generous giving,
Freely bestowing, naught receiving,
And little of thine own retrieving.
As years do roll:
A work of love art thou achieving
O'er men of soul.

THE HEART'S BEST IMPULSE.

THERE dwells a passion in the human soul,
When once excited, stands above control,
Both rich and poor its fascination feel,
Though oft the wealthy must its throes conceal,
For she who kindled in his breast the fire
Is but the daughter of a humble sire;
Between two fortunes now must be his choice,
The smiling face that makes his heart rejoice,
The loving glances her dark eyes return,
That made the passion in his soul to burn;
Or the vain pomp that cumbrous wealth unfold,
The seeming pleasure purchaséd by gold.
Although a millionaire and palace born
Look not on want with a disdainful scorn.
How doth that richer blood flow through thy vein
And loftier genius inculcate thy brain?
Oh what disgrace I ask is it to wed
A loving maid though born in humble shed:
Follow the guiding impulse of thy heart
And life to thee will richer joys impart

Than all the wealth that India bestows,
Or California's golden mines disclose.
Though angry parents do in rage disown,
Follow the impulse of thy hearts alone.
"Thou shalt thy father and thy mother leave
And to thy loving wife in rapture cleave,"
That Heaven's smile descend upon thy head,
Two lives, two loves, by Nature's ideal wed.

GUARD BEAUTY'S FOUNTAIN!

FAIR maid, why cast such cold and angry darts,
From out the precincts of thy kindling eye?
Such spring from fountains of roiled stagnant hearts,
In which impurity doth regnant lie.

Thy youthful heart from such a state recedes,
And God forbid that it should ever sink
Into a stage that cheerfulness impedes,
From which no mortal can with pleasure drink.

Let from thy eye bright rays of pleasure beam,
To light the visage of the careworn brow.
Let from thy gentle lips sweet accents stream
With cheer the heart of sorrow to endow.

Thy hand be ever ready to bestow
A kind assistance in affliction's hour,
Willing at all time to alleviate woe
And on the needy to expend thy power.

Thus make thy life a universal joy;
Thy death a sorrow time shall ne'er efface:
Earth, to thy memory, worthy praise employ,
Heaven, on thy head a crown of glory place.

FROSTY FROLIC.

Now ceased has all vegetation,
Jack Frost is King of Creation;
She has tendered her resignation,
The South Wind.

He has changed the rain into snow,
And whitened the plains below;
He will prove a friend, not a foe,
Rest consigned.

The rivers and streams are clad
In the cloak which makes childhood glad,
Driving sorrow from hearts erst sad,
For a time.

Oh, what peals of laughter roll
From each merry little soul,
Youthful glee is past control,
What a chime.

Where the ice is topt with snow,
To the hills the children go,
Coasting down and far below.
On their sleigh.

Bear'ng it up without a frown,
For the sport of riding down,
Pleasure doth their labour crown;
For 'tis play.

When the day is not too cold,
Snow can be together rolled,
And at one another doled,
But with care.

You may raise your comrade's ire,
Though it be not your desire,
And the consequences prove dire,
Sad affair.

O'er the fleecy road at night,
By the moon's clear silvern light,
Mark the rapid roadster's flight,
Hear the bells.

Though the air be chill and cold,
Wrapt within the furry fold,
Laughter speaks of warmth untold,
When it swells.

SONNET.

LONGFELLOW.

LAUREL-CROWNED poet of Hesperides,
The children's bard art thou in verity;
Those lays are strains of pure sincerity,
Inspired by voices wafted on the breeze
From youth's untainted fount without surcease.
Autumn's late winds with stern severity,
Chilling late life with rude asperity,
Tempered by childish warmth upon thy knees.
A sweet sensation ever thrills my brain
That lip's lame language faileth to express,
When to my lips I raise thy goblet high,
And drink pure draughts that leave no bitter stain;
Each time I lift it, it doth doubly bless,
Each day I quaff but ne'er can drink it dry.

ROBBIE BURNS.

WITH hands of toil guiding the faithful plow,
Upturning soil with power invig'rate fraught,
While hands unseen within thy youthful brow,
With Muse's share upturns the generous thought.

Nature devout thy elevating theme,
Grandly inspiring thy soul-stirring strain:
Stopping afield for reverie, thy team,
On mouse and flower to lift the glad refrain.

In melting language of inspiring weal,
To aspirations high above the sod,
From Nature's store true pathos to reveal,
"Looking from Nature up to Nature's God."

Far from the confines of thine isle have flown,
Thy plowboy's songs of Nature grand and deep;
Thy verse, Immortal Burns, shall e'er be known,
Through the long age of Time's majestic sweep.

Full many a weary heart by thee is cheered,
Though the cold tomb thy ashes doth confine:
Thy name in Scottish households is revered,
They bow adoring at thy Muse's shrine.

TO R. S——.

THOU art a poet born indeed,
And truly you deserve a meed,
For service done;
The world is much improved by thee,
Thou liv'st in many a memory,
Ontario's glorious son!

When thy "New Christian Hymns," I read,
Although no idle tear I shed,
Yet I was moved;
As my emotion past restraint,
Upon the air broke soft and faint,
It merry laughter proved.

MOURNING AND WEEPING.

WHEN the angel of death bears a spirit away,
And friends gather round the inanimate clay,
From the visage of Death dejected they turn,
For what does the spirit of extancy mourn?

It mourns for itself in its desolate state,
But Time in due course new friends will create.
It mourns when it thinks of its own fading day,
But then cometh glories that never decay.

It mourneth for others bereft of their friend,
But our Heavenly Father will His mercies extend.
It mourns for the dead as a form of respect,
For such inly mourn, silent solemnity, sadness reflect.

Weep for the living when wayward they tread,
Weep for the dying, but not for the dead,
For thou canst not turn the spirit that's flown
Weep for the living and the dying alone.

DEATH.

BEHOLD the city of the dead,
With sculptured shafts above each head,
Pause, read!

And let thy mind *one* thought embrace,
To this, the destiny of our race,
Give heed.

What means the short and narrow mound,
I find in every burial ground,
Does death
Pluck the unopened bud from earth,
And ere this life expands their worth,
Stays breath.

Truly such lives are not in vain,
Some secret soul has drawn a gain
From this;
The mission of that life is death,
And all who view the parting breath,
Drink bliss.

'Graved on an epitaphic stone,
"Infants and aged not alone
Do die,
Here high-born youth in manly pride,
Snatched from earth's joys and a young bride,
Awaiting lie."

Unlike the butterfly is man,
Although this life is but a span,
At best;
The span doth vary in its length,
Society by this holds strength,
Thus blest.

Let this death thought a lesson teach,
Prepare that heavenly goal to reach,
Old, young;
Death's angel on seraphic wing,
Hovereth near thy soul to bring
The dead, among.

SONNET.

WINTER LIFE.

THE germs of life, now wrapt in burial shroud
Spotless and perfect, broad in its expanse,
Their former glory fitly to enhance;
In summer's verdant hue, how gaily proud,
The sun's warm smile withdrawn, then thou wert bowed
With withering grief, being powerless to advance;
Though changed, not dead, but in lethargic trance;
Save by reviving smile, life's re-endowed.
With feelings of remorse the sun looks down,
The evil to revert which he has wrought,
The shroud uplifts and breathes a wakening song,
Removing every semblance of a frown;
Compared with former glory, lacking naught.
Thus, man with smiles, may many lives prolong.

THE NATIVITY.

IN the eastern sky a star
  Sheddeth far its lustre bright,
Guiding wise men from afar,
  'Tis the Saviour's acolyte.

In the air there floats a song,
  To the shepherds on the plain,
Light from the angelic throng,
  Shows the source of the refrain.

"Tidings good I bring to earth,
  Joy unto the nations all,
'Tis of Christ, the Saviour's birth,
  Born to save and not inthral.

Who to thee this day is born,
David's City walls within,
Promised since earth's early morn,
He, the antidote for sin.

Unto thee I give a sign,
Seeing thou art sore afraid,
Thou wilt find the babe Divine,
In a manger lowly laid."

Thus the angel spake, and then,
Round him sang a heavenly host,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
Glory to the Holy Ghost."

THE SABBATH.

I HEAR the rippling of the rill,
The gentle breeze is sighing still;
The birds are singing in the grove;
The bees are humming as they rove;
The chatter of the squirrel I hear;
The cock's shrill clarion strikes the ear:
The voice of nature is not stilled,
But pealeth forth a pleasing sound,
No din of labour from the ground,
With holy calm the air is filled.

I hear the sound of Sabbath bell,
Re-echo over hill and dell,
The solemn sound wakes solemn thought,
With holy aspirations fraught;
Thousands throughout the land repair,
Unto the house of sacred prayer,

Where they, their Father's name extol,
And Sabbath after Sabbath raise
The voice to Him in sacred praise,
And balm is poured on every soul.

Displeased is Heaven's God, to see
Man carnalize ability;
He breaks upon the world of care,
And plants His Holy Sabbath there;
It is His gift to *man* alone,
To bring him nearer to His throne.
Boon which makes nations truly blest,
Day of the seven most calm, most bright,
Casting into the week thy light,
We hail thy sanctity and rest.

GROWING OLD.

TIME soareth onward in his ceaseless course,
Conveying all from youth upon his wing;
Thus bearing onward slowly yields life's force,
The flight of time eternity doth bring.

Year after year, as we pursue our flight,
Nearing the realm that bids eternal rest,
Do we perceive a silent creeping blight,
Our youthful natures powerfully invest.

Upon the stately brow Time's mark is wrought,
The sprightly step becomes more staid and slow;
The mind with one dark dream is inly fraught.
The eye grows dim, the voice becometh low.

If we in wisdom's paths our footsteps guide,
And cull from poesy the beauteous flower;
Extract from study depth of charms implied,
Youth sways the mind though wanes corporeal power.

Though by the gentle zephyrs softly fanned,
Yet such will not preserve us in our bloom.
Youth must submit to Nature's stern command:
We all are verging on the silent tomb.

LIFE.

AN ocean diverging,
Where light skiffs emerging,
Are peacefully gliding,
While laved is their side
By the low, brackish tide,
O'er which they are riding,
The waters dividing
In jubilant pride.

Viewing closer again
The young billowy main,
I see a small craft,
A rickety raft,
Just pushed from the shore,
In a moment, no more,
The inflowing tide
Has covered it o'er,
And dashed it aside,
'Gainst the rough, rocky shore,
And its infantine freight
Has yielded to Fate,
To save is too late,
Its voyage is o'er:
Through the waves' broken crest
It has sunken to rest,
Life knows it no more.

I see a green isle,
A bright ocean smile,
One league and a score
From this bounteous shore.
There those light skiffs are flying,
With measured beat plying
  Each delicate oar;
But the billows uprising,
Are ever apprising
  The crafts the most frail,
While those which are stronger
Oft weather it longer,
  Yet the violent gale,
So rudely assailing,
Oft o'er them prevailing,
Their strength is in vain
'Gainst the potentate main;
And of all who set sailing,
But one-half alone
To this fair isle hath flown;
From which they do launch
In vessels more staunch,
O'er the ocean old,
But yet uncontrolled,
Leagues nine and three score,
To its furthermost shore,
Spread with sands of gold,
On a silver shore.
At ten leagues less
It is hard of access,
And few are the vessels that make ingress.
  But the voyage of life oft numbers more,
Some having of force
  A goodly store,
Lengthen their course
By an outward veer,
And in a direction circuitous steer.

From entity's entrance,
The eye explores,
Through the dim distance
Enchanting shores;
Oft unheard the billow that roars
In stern resistance
The space between;
Allured by the prize
Before their eyes,
Unthinking of what doth intervene,
Till all unseen
Doth their bark careen;
Engulfed perchance
In the raging deep,
With look askance
As they sink to sleep;
Sighing in despair
At their heedless haste,
And lack of care
Which their bark displaced.

At a few leagues more
Than exact three score
From entity's shore
Lies a whirlpool, Death,
All red with gore.
Draw your breath
And mount the tide;
If beyond its roar
You in triumph ride,
Thy chance is fair
For the golden shore.
But with greatest care
You must ply the oar;
Of the rocks beware
That lie hidden there;

For hidden rocks
Do now abound,
And little shocks
Thy bark will ground;
For thy timbers now
Are growing unsound,
And you must plow
The treacherous deep
With easy prow,
And slowly creep
Or humbly bow
And sink to sleep.

Where the heavy surge
Doth each bark emerge,
On the tide doth rise,
Hid to mortal eyes,
A phantom skiff,
Which onward flies
Though the gale be stiff,
To its destined goal—the boundless sea—
Which beareth the name "Eternity."

EARTHLY FETTERS.

THOSE in Christian lands, thank God,
Born beneath a Christian roof,
Chastened with a Christian rod,
Fraught with Christian reproof;
Thine shouldst be a Christian name
Blazoned with a Christian flame.

Oft this luring mundane sphere
Fastens such with myriad bands;
Still this faith thou must revere,
Severed not by human hands,

Feeds this seed by Heaven sown,
Bursts these bands when deeper grown.

And its branches bearing high
Blossom and yield seed of worth,
Borne by breezes through the sky,
Far from the chill frost of earth
To the garden of our God,
To that ever blooming sod.

There beneath a Saviour's smile
And His argent dew of grace,
In that land of pure delight,
Marked by no imperfect trace,
It shall in profusion bloom,
And a perfect form assume.

But 'tis sweet with cares unknown,
Here to glance and journey on
To our blessed Saviour's throne,
Ere the earthly fetters dawn,
Lift the mind from holy things,
Clipping short the spirit's wings.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

LIFE is uncertain, death a certain thing,
Not to the old alone, for manhood's prime,
And those in early bloom do feel his sting,
For death to us has no appointed time.

When least expected, we his voice discern,
Naught can withstand the mandate of our God;
He claims His own, dust doth to dust return;
Humbly submit and bow beneath His rod.

The flowers of earth He claimeth as His own,
Earth's sweetest flowers, bursting in maiden bloom,
One such he now has called to grace and his throne,
Who with her song shall mingle sweet perfume.

'Tis hard to part with those we call our own,
Hard to entomb and ne'er a tear to shed;
We are more blest, when most we feel alone,
Our Saviour mourneth with us o'er the dead.

And He is touched when He doth see thee mourn,
And He is nearer to thee in that hour
When thou of all thy human strength art shorn;
Yet 'tis His will, He needs must have thy flower.

After the cloud, the sun doth brighter shine;
And 'tis by grief that heartfelt joy is won;
In sorrow, therefore, view the hand Divine,
Read what it writes and say, "Thy will be done."

HYMN.

LORD Thou art on high,
While I am below,
And nothing know I,
For Thou all dost know.

Thou gavest me life,
This life doth renew;
Still I am at strife,
What more canst Thou do.

Yes, more hast Thou done
For me Thou hast bled,
The crucified One
Thou died in my stead.

That I might not die,
  But live ever with Thee,
In Thy kingdom on high,
  Through Eternity.

And Thy only request,
  Is to simply believe,
And joy manifest,
  I shall freely receive.

I thank Thee, O Lord,
  I extol Thy great name,
Though my life don't accord,
  With the light of Thy flame.

SUNSET.

I TURNED to the west at set of sun,
  And watched that orb decline,
I thought of the speck that hid it,
  Though it still did as brightly shine.

I thought of its mighty splendour,
  And of its unequalled size,
And how this terrene atom,
  Doth such an orb disguise.

I turned to the west at set of sun,
  And watched that orb decline,
I thought of the speck that hid it;
  I thought of this heart of mine.

I thought how the Son of Heaven,
  Doth shine my heart within;
But often, oh, how often
  Is He hid by this world of sin.

I thought of His sovereign splendour,
And of His unequalled might,
And how sin intervening
Keeps such a power from sight.

I turned to the west at set of sun,
And watched that orb decline,
I thought of the speck that hid it,
I thought of a law Divine.

INA,

OR

A MAIDEN'S ARTIFICE.

It is the glad hour of noon, the hour of the day most absorbing,
When ceases the weary turmoil, to increase the essence of being,
And new strength recall, else the task of the day relinquish,
Which thing ne'er shall be in this prosperous Canadian village
Sited where once the red deer ceased bounding over the forest,
And rested his graceful form 'neath the shade of the maple expanding,
Whose leaf, the emblem and pride of this free glorious nation.

Long since the axes of white men hewed them out homes in the forest,
And this village upreared in the midst of their new habitation,

And where in pristine beauty the maple and elm shot upward,
Such implanted by man with ornamental arraying
Bathed in morn's golden light to the gazing eye looks resplendent;
And from the sun's lurid glare protects the mid-day pedestrian,
Who his task must perform, the stern voice of duty obeying.
Alone upon a grotesque and rustical form of the cedar,
Under a temple of maple, one, Ina, intently sits reading;
While from behind there approacheth the form of an amorous stripling,
Quiet and unassuming, though he holds deep love in his bosom;
Till the present felt powerless his love to make known unto Ina,
Alas, its untimely arrival for now has he been superseded!
He stealthily forward advances and standeth idly beside her;
Ina, her eyes ne'er upraising, pronounces with angelic sweetness
The name unto her most impressive, *Eugene* was the name that she uttered;
Her hazel eyes then uplifting, caught sight of the face there beside her,
And over her rosy cheek a deeper dye soon diffuseth.

The youth who was standing beside her, the name of Wilber Kyle bearing,
The blush on her cheek quickly noted, and from this and the name which she uttered
Surmised the import expressed, and sank to the ground deep bewailing,
Hope's buds bursting in bloom now lying upon the ground blighted.

Perchance some forthcoming season new hopes may revive in his bosom,
And cause to expand in their splendour buds such as now lie here blighted.

Ina, with heart of a maiden now knowing the love that he bore her,
Down on the ground sat beside him, and in his ear soothing words whispered,
Told him how she still loved him, and how she should love him forever.
But thàt his manner of wooing seemed not in the order of winning,
Openly Eugene had loved her but long time had she delayed him,
Trusting that in the meantime her first-love his heart would lay open,
But growing weary in waiting her love to him had grown fainter,
And deeper had grown to Eugene to whom her heart she had proffered,
But as I told you before, I repeat it again, I still love thee,
But I can never be thine as I am betrothed to another,
Ever am I thy friend but more than this, say I, never;
Wilber the truest of friends consider me only as *such*,
Pray nothing unto it add nor take from it nothing away,
In me can thy destiny ne'er be but ever a friend to confide in.

This said, her hand she extended, his quivering hand tightly grasping,
Her touch with new power instilled him and his head from the ground he uplifted,
And soon to his feet had arisen and disappeared in the distance.
Ina, who closely surveyed him, his mien love bewildered had noted,

And touched was the heart of the maiden as she gazed
on the face of the stripling,
And when he was lost in the maples, upon the ground she
sank weeping,
Her book on the ground lay beside her the breeze of
summer bestirring,
Keeping time with the low, monotone that her ruby lips
faintly uttered,
Which softly broke on the ear of the manly form at the
entrance,
With visage all lit with smiles by the loving heart in his
bosom;
He paused, then forward advances to his wonted seat in
the maples,
Astounded he stands for a moment with his lips pressed
tightly together,
Then gently uplifts his affianced and resteth her head on
his bosom,
And requests her to quickly displace from her hazel eyes
the effusion
That freely from a heart flows with tenderness deeply
impregnate,
Tenderness which is sublime, and which every maiden
should cherish
But this is no time for thy weeping, and thy chamber
the place for thy sighing.

Perchance 'tis a feeling of joy that calls forth tender
emotions,
For thou art in many ways blest, kind Heaven on thee
smiles benignly.
Expound thy heart unto me that we may thy sorrow co-
mingle.
Two heads are better than one and two hearts when one
grief they divide,
Lays a lesser strain upon each, full often completely dis-
pelling.

Then glancing down Ina beheld the book she was lately
perusing,
And unto Eugene she told the tale she had lately been
reading;
The tale of a prodigal son who his father's home had
forsaken,
With convivial companions co-mingled till vice to penury
brought him,
And homeless and friendless he wandered exhorting kind
death to relieve him
From his state of unutterable anguish devoid of a ray of
life's sunshine.

Disconsolate one day he sat in a village inn to the north-
ward,
Where glancing over a Daily, that was lying idly beside
him,
When attracted his notice the words: "The Annual
Thanksgiving-Day,
By the Gov.-Gen.'s command shall on November the
ninth be observed."
And then receded his thoughts to the past in oblivion
dying,
To where round his father's board on this festival occa-
sion were gathered
The family circle unbroken, but long had been a link
missing;
Thus did he detract from their pleasure and their wonted
happiness mar,
Resolved his steps to retrace and his father's forgiveness
implore:
With gladness was he received, all joyfully welcomed
him home,
With hearts filled with thanksgiving wept o'er a son and
a brother long lost,

Born into their circle anew, sweet was the re-union of hearts
On that memorable Thanksgiving Day, on which Heaven lost blessings restored.

These words in my mind did recall the face of a kinsman of mine,
For many years absent, from whom no tidings were ever received,
I thought how perchance he might now in 'durance vile,' be confined;
No angel form to minister and death into life transform.
These bodings of what might be, of a life of all love devoid,
And his glimmering lamp dying out in the midst of obscurity hung,
Was more than my heart could bear, was more than equal strain;
I sank to the ground and poured to Heaven an anxious prayer,
And wept as my thoughts ran wild in search of that erring son.

A FARMER'S ARTIFICE.

I KNEW a farmer of ingenious bent,
Who owned a father sheep,
Which, where his fancy led him, there he went.
The farmer? "No, the sheep."

He tied unto his neck a pole of wood,
And turned him out to feed;
Feeling assured that jump he never could
He gave him little heed.

The farmer shortly after took a stroll
To see if he was strangled,
And found he had tried vaulting with a pole,
And in the fence was tangled.

He freed him safely from the dangerous height,
Which he thought taught content.
No sooner was the farmer out of sight
Than safely o'er he went.

The farmer saddled now his old gray mare,
And on her back did leap;
He rode to neighbour Brown's and purchased there
One more paternal sheep.

The pair together, then he grasped a chain,
And Siamese twinned his sheep;
They their lost freedom never shall regain;
O'er no more fences leap.

Meekly they wander through the verdant mead,
To their lot reconciled,
Quite peacefully, together do they feed,
All aspirations foiled.

LIFE'S SEESAW.

Upon a seesaw balanced in mid-air,
Unequal weighted, sinks the heavier end
Down to the ground, and higher doth uplift
The lesser power, perched on the further point.
The lesser man thus for a time may rise
Above the greater, who doth him upbear,
And feel puffed up, and claim the power his own
Which holds him there deluded thus, until

The sovereign power upon life's seesaw lifts
His form slow up the plane inclined, while at
Each gain dependence owns him potentate,
As own he must, for soon he finds himself
Low on the ground, unable to arise.
His nether friend has reached the turning point,
The medium grand; 'tis neither high nor low;
But should ambition tempt him to aspire
Far o'er this sacred height, soon must he sink,
Ambition builds, ambition casteth down.

BEFORE QUEBEC (1759).

LIKE the sear leaf of Autumn that falls to its rest,
The sun has gone down 'neath the hills of the west,
Yet the light lingers long ere it yields to its doom,
But soon it is wrapt in the night's silent gloom.

O'er the noble St. Lawrence, its covert lies deep,
And ere it is lifted it vigil doth keep,
Round Britain's proud braves o'er his surface that glide,
Borne noiselessly down on the crest of the tide.

They toil through the gloom, led by Wolfe up the height,
And on Abraham's plains stand at first dawn of light.
By their General, Montcalm, are the French mustered out,
The British they meet and are soon put to rout.

In that short space of time fast flew deadly balls,
And by three bullets pierced on the rampart Wolfe falls;
Likewise his opponent of chivalrous worth,
With wounds that prove mortal has sunk to the earth.

Ere Canada's hero by death is undone,
On his dusky ear soundeth the accents, "They run!"
For an instant, aroused by the soul-stirring cry,
To his question, "Who runs?" comes the eager reply:

"'Tis the enemy, sir, every where they give way,
And thine, dying hero, the pride of the day."
"Then praised be God, in peace meet I death,"
These the last spoken words by the young hero's breath.

When this signal success to his land is made known,
By torchlight and bonfires their triumph is shown;
Save one Kentish village, which silence doth keep,
Where our dead hero's mother, dejected, doth weep.

Second staff of her age is now broken in twain,
And should they exult, it would add to her pain,
For thus they would seem to rejoice in her woe;
So they nobly forbear, and all triumph forego.

May thy name, devout Wolfe, claim the soil thou hast won,
Though not a Canadian, yet a true British son:
In grateful remembrance, thy name we revere,
From the east to the west of thy Heaven-blest sphere.

FEARLESS.

THE unadulterated truth
Doth fiction's lore surpass;
My tale is of a fearless youth,
And not a charming lass.

This youth was strong of heart and limb;
A hunter bold was he;
For bravery, a paradigm,
Naught in wild-woods feared he.

He joined the soldiery and fought
In many a close affray;
And there his courage failed him not,
But honours gained each day.

At cannon's mouth, he never cringed
Back from its scorching breath;
He had his nose with powder singed—
A nose-breadth then from death.

The war is over, and again
He seeks his native land;
And nightly to assembled men
Cites actions hand-to-hand.

And at its close triumphant states,
"How he is void of fear."
One who hears all that he relates,
Says, "Friend, are you sincere?

"Do you not fear the lion wild,
Or the fast whizzing ball?"
"No more than I do fear a child,
I fear them not at all.

"Nothing within this broad domain;
I scorn the soldier's blade;
The 'Forest King' oft I have slain,
Of naught am I afraid."

It was the balmy month of June;
They sat within a shed;
The night was light, for shone the moon,
And not a star was fled.

Now, all within this little crew,
Were fond of eggs when raw,
And, in the dark, they found a few,
Within a nest of straw.

"My bonny lads, now for a treat,"
Cried one, in accents loud;
"Our eggs are good, they can't be beat,"
And passed them round the crowd.

"Oh, no you don't," our hero said,
"The hens are hatching now."
"What, do you fear a chicken head,
So brave a man as thou?

"This hero, now, of many a fight,
My comrades, do you see,
Has at this hen fruit taken fright?"
Then laughed with merry glee.

Our speaker now the egg doth take,
And cracks it on his knee,
And down his throat the yolk doth shake;
Again he laughs with glee.

Loud hero of the bloody fight!
"I braver am than thee,
Which I have proved this very night;"
Again he laughs with glee.

He knew it was no poison draught,
Yet 'twas against his will;
There lay his fear, himself he laughed,
And he is laughing still.

SONNET.

WINTER'S REIGN.

THE earth is dark and dreary, drenched with rain,
The azure sky is hid by clouds of snow,
Which bursts and whitens the dark plain below,
But 'twixt the river's banks it strives in vain,
Where each alighting flake is duly slain,
A moment white, then mingles with its flow;
Nor till the frosty winds, congealing blow,
Has it the power its mantle to enchain.
Frost, Winter's king, and Snow, his sovereign queen,
Upon a double throne their sceptre wield.
The king of Spring, ere long, war's flag unfurls,
Of Winter's reign no vestige soon is seen,
As Spring, luxuriant, sweet, clothes wood and field,
While, from high mountain crags, Winter defiance hurls.

SONNET.

SUNSHINE.

WHENCE comes that bitter melancholy wail,
Breaking the melody that reigns around?
How dissonant its sad despondent sound,
With the glad song from the same sunlit vale,
Where each the same sweet zephyrs doth inhale.
Who is this man on whom the Lord has frowned,
With cruel oppression crushed unto the ground?
"Some helpless outcast whom want doth assail?"

Not so, this groan is from the lips of pride,
Whom life has fondled with a secret care,
And Knowledge claims as his appointed bride,
Who now is yielding unto dark despair:
Darkness ne'er dark removes, let in the sun,
Thy talents prove, and endless joy is won.

ANGER.

THE ethereal dome of heaven rests unflecked;
I gaze upon its peaceful form in love,
So placid and serene doth it appear,
Stretched out in beauty o'er the smiling earth:
How calmly doth it rest, can it be moved
Again, and changed its form and loveliness,
And made a source of fear and dread profound.
Behold the western sky! a small white cloud,
Cased in gigantic frame of azure blue
In silence reigneth there, soon it expands;
And as it grows in size, it grows in power;
To blackness it is turned, spitting forth fire,
While peal on peal of thunder fills the air,
And startles the inhabitants of earth,
Oft working dire destruction on mankind.
Thus Anger on the placid face of youth
Supplanteth loveliness, and casts a gloom
On all around, the effulgent eye shooteth
Forth piercing darts, and from sweet charming lips
Which made the welkin with their laughter ring,
Impassioned utterances with thunder sound
Burst forth, severing too oft friendships best ties
And kindling enmity in kindred souls
Which years shall often not obliterate.

Thou power for evil, speedier work is wrought
By thee than kindness, and the precious work
That kindness has for years been building up,
Thou canst, as in a twinkling, destroy.

CLOSING AUTUMN.

THE grass that was green is now turning to gray;
Its life is seceding and closing its day:
Once green leaves are tinted with yellow and red,
And by fitful breezes are o'er the earth spread.

Drenched by last rains of Autumn they yield to decay,
And their beauty no longer, the landscapes array;
On the fair face of Nature, Summer's smile they o'ercast,
Time only removes them, they laugh at the blast.

Fields no longer are deckt with their rich golden grain;
In gardens doth naught but the worthless remain;
The orchards are stript of their fruit rich and rare;
And the breeze of morn no perfume doth bear.

The hum of the bee floateth not on the breeze;
In the desolate grove comes no song from the trees;
Chilling breezes bespeak of the cold wintry blast;
But we live on the pleasure in each season cast.

When time rolls around and Spring comes again,
With its wakening breath and enlivening rain,
The dead leaves of Autumn are buried beneath,
As the green blades of grass are drawn from their sheath.

Renewed Springs and Summers envelop the heart,
Surmounting the dead leaves that Autumns' impart;
This world which we live in how beauteous and blest,
Its enjoyment through life should our nature's invest.

DISCONTENT.

TOUCHED by Spring's essence on the Southern breeze,
Nature's free vigour doth retop the trees;
Through the dead leaves of Autumn doth arise
The bloom of woodland, making glad the eyes,
Freed from the monotone of Winter's reign,
That spread her mantle o'er the faded plain.
Each coming season is with pleasure hailed,
Advances, groweth old, and is assailed
For shadowing far its false delusive dreams,
Which when embraced an idle fancy seems:
These draw no honey from the precious bloom;
But idly quaff its passing free perfume,
Whose transient essence dies on Nature's breath,
While yet the Season laughs at distant death.

AFTER SUNSET.

THE twilight deepens into night:
Sunken the sun,
The day is done,
And numbers one
Unto the annual rounds swift flight.
The moon soon seen
In silver sheen;
Upon earth's mien
Diffuseth her soft beams of light.
In accents clear
From woodland near
Three words I hear,
"Whip-poor-Will!" sung by a feathered spright.

In woodside gloom,
The moving bloom,
Doth night illume,
This living light, the fire-fly's ceaseless flight.

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

ALL toward death, *one* only to the grave,
Thus one by one is filled each silent tomb;
And others take their place, Death doth not save,
For these in turn approach appointed doom.

Some with a mourning heart of inward grief,
Some with the scalding tear upon their eye,
Repeating as they mourn, "THIS life was brief,"
Yet knowing not how soon they there may lie.

How soon forgotten mid this earthly din,
The forms of those with whom we wished to fade;
Soon we shall lie the icy tomb within,
Others shall mourn, forget, and low be laid.

This continuity of endless change,
Certain and ceaseless shall the grave replete;
Then shall the potentate supreme arrange
To swallow Life and Death, and Time complete.

TO ———.

How canst thou leave this Heaven blest spot,
That is with health and beauty fraught,
Where dwells around thy peaceful hearth,
Love, happiness, and joyous mirth;

There thy fond consort's loving smile
And pleasing song eve's hours beguile,
Thus might these years in pleasure pass
If thou wouldst stay—not so, alas!
Tell me what firm lethargic strain
With wild delusion fills thy brain,
And o'er thy now unsettled soul
Yields an unconquerable control.
Go then! prosperity be thine,
May Fortune's rays upon thee shine!
May health thy cheek with bloom diffuse,
And happiness thy soul infuse!

LINES TO AN INFANT.

USHERED within this vale of sin,
Like a first morning beam,
Filling with light parental sight,
The object of their dream:
Two lives, two loves ingraft as one,
Furled this florescent gleam.

Thy dreamy eyes with wild surprise
Each luring fancy crave,
Thy chief desire the lurid fire,
Powerless, or 'twere thy grave;
Thus weakness in the dawn of life,
As strength with years doth save.

Thy little feet so quaintly sweet,
Throned on thy mother's knee,
Curl their pink toes, two little rows,
So cute and cunningly;
Oh, what a world of wonderment
In their futurity.

To bonds and bands those arms and hands,
Lying useless, yet shall turn;
Dimpled and small, shall yet enthral
A form where passions burn,
When thy expanding heart pours forth
The love which it shall learn.

TO ———.

DUTY is stamped upon thy brow,
The love of children in thy soul;
Sweet accents from thy lips do flow,
And void of awe maintain control.

Thou'rt planting in the youthful breast
Germs of sincerity and love,
Which on each visage manifest,
Blooms sweet on earth, matures above.

PARADISE BELOW.

THE romantic scenes of my earlier days,
When I them recall set my soul ablaze.
Shall ought expire of exalted worth?
There is nothing vile in sweet thoughts of earth!
They are now engrafted my soul within,
And as they bear not the stamp of sin,
They shall live with the soul in the heavenly home,
That I in earth's Eden may often roam;
For this was Heaven, which sin did kill,
And sin removed, it is Heaven still.

As I look back adown the years,
There is much that grieves and much that cheers;
The beauties of Nature the mind improve,
When stamped in childhood on hearts that love;
A heart thus trained can a solace find,
And pour sweet balm on a troubled mind;
The laughing waters do speak of bliss,
And the warbling birds do the waters kiss,
And rising, pour forth a glad refrain,
For the girdle of blessings that earth enchain.

When the winds of Autumn blow cold and bleak,
A fairer clime doth those songsters seek.
Behold in their guidance the hand of God!
See them safely alight on a flowery sod!
He guides them back, on return of Spring,
To cheer our hearts with the songs they sing.
From the frosts of sin doth the soul take flight,
Led by His Hand unto realms of Light.
And when the season of sin is past,
He may guide us back to this land at last.

ENMITY.

CHERISH not hate; he hates himself, who with
Vile enmity stirs strife against his fellow,
And strives to hurt by means within the law
Of man, his influ'nce and prosperity.
Hate drowns the fire of conscience, and makes believe
That to avenge is right, forgetting that
"Vengeance belongeth not to man;" rather
The opposite, "To love all men; do good
To them that hate thee." This is God's command,
And He our judge shall judge us by His Law,
And us condemn for violating such.

Then he who hateth duly shall repent;
Love no repentance needs, therefore
Work love. Life is too short for strife. If thou
Dost wrong thy fellow do thy guilt confess,
And his forgiveness sue, for cherished guilt
Makes us the injured hate, while Christian grace
Makes us love those we wrong, and love ourselves.

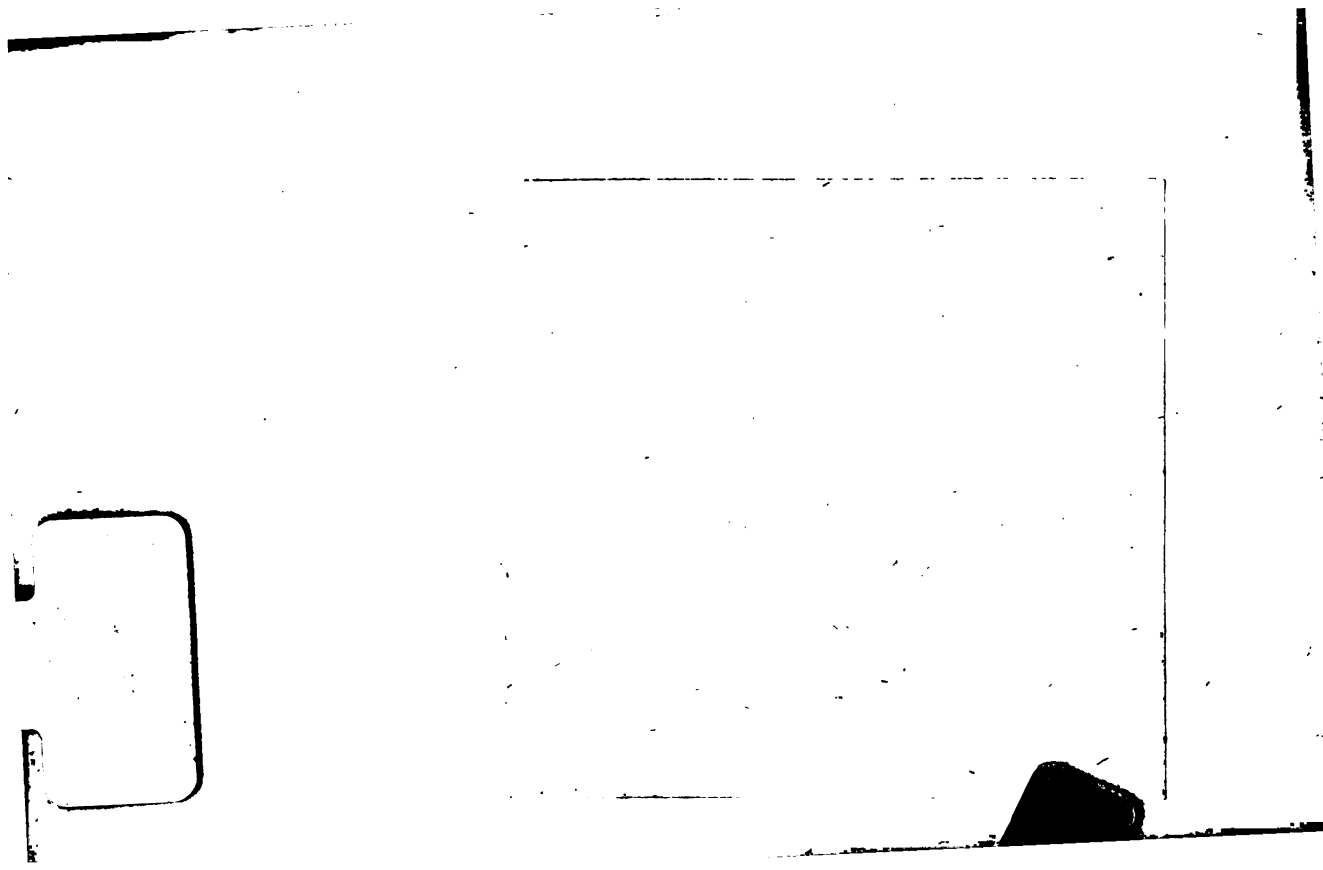
FINALE.

In the woodland of the North,
Like a blossom I arose;
In the woodland of the North
Like a blossom may I close.

Though my smile is dull and dreary,
When compared with those around;
Yet my life is never weary,
But with pleasure doth abound.

Not from other's vain laudation,
From the lips not from the heart;
Greatly would I fear starvation,
If I lived upon such art.

I have drunk my deepest pleasure,
As I do not write for fame;
Found it in each finished measure,
None on earth can drink the same.



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